Rainbow Making at Democratic National Headquarters

T. Taggart is not so called because he attends pink teas. By no means. There is nothing of the pink tea atmosphere about the headquarters of the Democratic national committee, even at the oolong hour of 5 P. M.

But there are color and strenuosity in plenty. Everybody seems to be doing something, even if it be no more than turning around on the heels in mere exuberant vitality. Much of this extra vitality is attributed to the fact that there is a large Indiana contingent employed.

"The Indiana man," said one of the contingent, "is a natural politician. He can't help it; he is born to it, just as another man might be born to be a doctor or a lawyer or a singer. You don't find men out Indiana way forgetting to vote or refusing to because it is too much trouble. They vote just as early and—well as early as they can."

But to return to Taggart. There have been so many and such conflicting accounts of the chairman that the artist and interviewer half expected to see a lean and hungry Cassius, so thin that he seemed all backbone, and the artist had sharpened her pencil accordingly. But this idea fought for supremacy with another, that he was a jolly Falstaff, garbed in large checks, making merry jests over the telephone when he had worn out his coadjutors in the departments at hand. Neither is the case.

T. Taggart is a modest looking gentleman who wears a plain suit of blue, a butterfly tie, whose buttonhole is adorned with a very small combination of a star and crescent, both emblematic of hope, though, judging from the size, the hope is not overpowering. The only other ornament he sports is a Masonic sign emblazoned with a big diamond.

He admits the possession of four grown daughters and a son, but does not look the age that that possession would seem to imply. His mustache and hair do not match, and you cannot, therefore, classify him as either blond or brunette, and his grayish blue eye has none of the cold, steely glitter that sometimes accompanies that particular species of orb.

On the contrary, the eye is of the twinkly order. It is a little like Anna Held's wink; you get so interested watching for its reappearance that you forget what is going on. It is a rare accomplishment for the chairman of a national committee to be able to turn on a twinkle like that.

He has one other just as valuable asset in his equipment. With that twinkle and the other accomplishment it is hard to believe that T. Taggart can be kept away from the focus of the strife. This other accomplishment is his voice. Mr. Taggart has the ideal voice for the chairman of a national committee.

Unlike the chairman of the Republican committee, he does not refuse to answer questions. In fact he invites you to come again and ask other questions; but, although he starts out to answer your interrogation, when he comes to the meat of the remark his voice drops to a husky whisper and you absolutely do not hear a syllable. You start to ask him what he said, and then you meet that twinkle, and you don't ask. Jusy why, you don't know, but it's so.

JOHN SHARP WILLIAMS VISITING HEADQUARTERS.

At the left of the desk is a handsome portrait of Judge Parker. The face is rotund, polished and attractive, like an apple. Possibly the resemblance to this particular fruit may be symbolic of success, for the wiseacres say that it is a good apple year.

Right over the desk, in the place of honor, is the portrait of the Vice-Presidential nominee. It is of the style of photograph whose eyes meet and hold your own. They meet T. Taggart's constantly, for the chairman has a way of looking up and twinkling at Henry G. Davis, and if you were telepathic in your beliefs you would say that there was a secret understanding between that portrait and Mr. Taggart. Judge Parker, off at the side, seems a little out of this understanding, but he is serenity itself.

Mr. Taggart nods at the portrait over his desk and says: "He's making some fine speeches down in West Virginia. I understand they are taking mighty well, mighty well." His eye twinkles.

"And Judge Parker—will he take the stump?"

T. Taggart leans forward confidentially. Now you are going to hear all about it. You think with derision of the silence of the Republican chairman. This is something worth while.

"I don't know. Just as true as I live I don't know. If I did, you may be sure I'd tell you." There is a slight, very slight emphasis on the "you."

"You don't think there is any lack of dignity in a Presidential nominee speaking in his own behalf?"

"Not a bit! Not a bit!" [This is a safe question and no brake is put on.]

"If I remember, Cleveland spoke, Blaine did also and some others I can't immediately recall. Garfield did not, neither did McKinley. I should say that the matter was not one of dignity, but entirely a matter of temperament. Some men are good speakers, could help the cause by appearing in that way; others are not and would only injure themselves."

"How about the women in the campaign?"

"They can help us a great deal, they have already."

"How? Actively?"

"More especially by keeping enthusiasm aroused, by trying to influence the votes of their husbands and brothers and sweethearts—if they are lucky enough to have them."

"But they have done nothing actively, yet?"

"There is the new Parker organization of women in New York, I believe they expect to do some active campaigning. While I was out West this trip a woman came to me with a statistical document she had drawn up—and I assure you it was a very creditable document, showing how much more expensive living is now than it was a few years ago. She had the prices of everything and showed that while salaries had increased, the cost of living had increased so much that it more than counterbalanced that. For instance, she said a few years ago her husband got $100 a month and she saved $20 of it; now he gets $125 and living the same way she can't save a cent. A woman who worked along lines like that could do a great deal of good in a campaign."

"And about voting? Do you think that if the Democratic party promised to give women the suffrage it would help the cause?"

"I don't think women want the suffrage. I think when they really want it, instead of merely saying they want it, they will get it. It rests with them, not with any party in particular, and no party can assist them until they assist themselves. Have you ever done anything to help the suffrage cause? I thought not. And [to the artist] have you? I thought not. Here are two young women talking about woman suffrage and neither caring about it. Now, I will tell you one thing: the Democratic party will never turn its back on a woman in distress."

"And how about this large campaign fund that they say the Democrats have recently raised that is worrying the Republican party a little?"

"Worrying the Republicans, is it? Now, you don't think that Tom Taggart would do anything to worry the Republicans? Well, I guess not, not even if it was a question of receiving a campaign fund. And Harry New, from Indiana, out there at Republican headquarters in Chicago? I couldn't worry Harry.

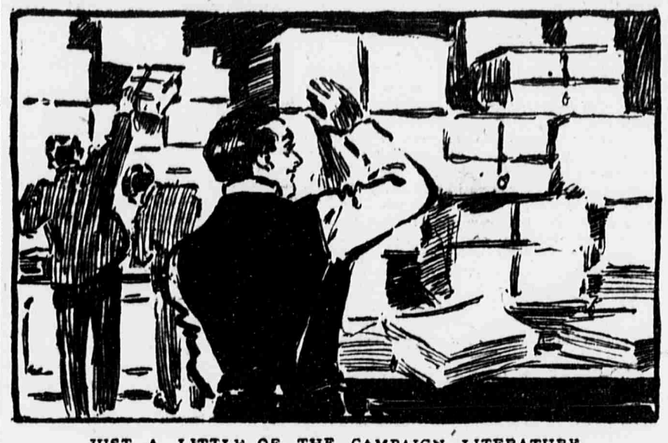
"Then you wouldn't accept a large campaign fund?"

"Well, I don't see how I could hurt the feelings of the people who offered it."

"Well, if you couldn't accept it and couldn't refuse it, what could you do?"

"Well, I might divert it. For instance, I might give a banquet to the press. How does that strike you?"

It was at this psychic moment that "the press" was announced, and Mr. Taggart rose from his easy chair to receive them, while Mr. Fanning was a quiet auditor in the background.



JUST A LITTLE OF THE CAMPAIGN LITERATURE.

THE PRESS PUTTING MR. TAGGART THROUGH THE THIRTY-THIRD DEGREE.

What there is awe inspiring about the press when it comes in large numbers is hard to say; but up to this moment Mr. Taggart had been calm and collected. As he stood up then he looked a little embarrassed and nervously tried to poke a large book through the small hole in the end of a paper cutter. Four pads of note paper, four pencils and eight searching eyes fixed him in place.

It was during this interview that the full beauty of Mr. Taggart's voice as a campaign leader was shown.

The questions came thick and fast. One could distinguish "Order 78," "Service Pension," "Letter of Acceptance." But one could not distinguish the answers. Each of the four looked as if he were wondering if the three others caught the elusive syllables; but, before he could make up his mind, more questions were hurled, and other answers lost themselves in the huskiness of Mr. Taggart's throat.

And all the time Mr. Taggart was blandly smiling, trying to solve the problem of getting a large book through the small hole, and twinkling.

Each of the representatives in turn shook him warmly by the hand and took occasion to whisper something very low and very secretive in his ear. The answer came in such loud, round accents, round as Judge Parker's pictured face, that the questioner was nearly thrown off his feet. But when the last secret had been betrayed in this flagrant way, Mr. Taggart's physiognomy still looked trusting as the face of a china doll.

"They'd have told each other anyway," he explained, "just as soon as they got outside."

"Why did they grasp your hands so vigorously?"

"That's the Masonic call for help, only used in extreme emergencies."

"What do I consider the doubtful States?" he repeated when THE SUN's interview was resumed. "I don't consider there are any.

"New York? Not after Judge Parker's recent letter and the Saratoga convention.

"Indiana? My State? Well, it was all right when I left it."

"And you are going back to stay there until after the election."

Again Mr. Taggart became confidential. "I'm sure I don't know."

"And how about the friction here at headquarters?"

"There is no friction now. The Saratoga convention settled that. Everything is harmonious, everybody is burying his personal predilections and his disappointments and his wishes and working together. There never has been a more harmonious organization. Never."

Mr. Taggart is not the entire headquarters of the national committee. The rooms of the other leaders were shown. Each bears a first cousin resemblance to the other; all in turn are adorned with large, rotund faced photographs of Judge Parker, all serenely cheerful and applelike.

The rooms were filled with groups of men with their heads close together. These are great head-to-head days. As the lookers-on approach, the conferees start spasmodically with a staccato motion which may mean guilt, secrecy or merely gossip. But everywhere there is "something doing," everywhere the atmosphere is of hard work and the strenuous desire to leave no stone unturned, so that if the Democratic candidate is snowed under they can at least quote the epitaph of the Western farmer and say: "We done our darndest."

Upstairs Capt. Mendes in turn points out John Sharp Williams, Democratic leader in the House, who is standing, a slouch hat pulled over his ears and his pockets bulging out with enough campaign literature to convert the whole east coast of Africa. Mr. Williams is talking with Judge McConville, head of the speakers' bureau. In fact, at every step at Democratic headquarters you fall against a celebrity. Titles are as plentiful as Parker photographs.

There is a post office, where the mail is stamped and sent out, averaging 6,000 letters a day; there is a room of assorted pompadours devoted to feminine typewriters who are all good looking and hard workers. There is an interesting room devoted to the foreign element. Here the campaign literature is translated into many languages—German, Italian, Polish, Hungarian—and types of each nation are busily at work.

Three entire floors and a good part of the basement are given over to the campaign. Everywhere is grim determination. There is no blasé assurance of victory here.

There is nothing to appeal to the æsthetic except a few beautiful young men scattered about, who are presumably from Indiana, too. There is no bunting, no gilt eagles, no laurel wreaths or set floral pieces. There are pink covers to some of the campaign literature. That is the only discernible bit of color.

Every once in a while a member of the Indiana delegation darts out and tells you what a wonderful man T. Taggart is.

"If he can't carry Indiana no one in the world can!" shouts one.

Back in his special sanctum, where he is discovered talking through the telephone, he answers the last question that repetition has endeared to the interviewer.

"Now, don't you really think there are any doubtful States, Mr. Taggart?"

"No doubtful ones, but I will admit there are one or two which will have an eyelash finish. That's what we call it out West when we just get what we want and no margin—an eyelash finish."

And with that the visitors are twinkled out of the room.

IN THE FOREIGN DEPARTMENT.

WHEN PROVIDENCE MOVES IN POKER.

An Instance in Which Its Workings, With the Aid of Red Liquor, Saved Arkansas City.

"There is them that thinks the game of draw poker is to be l'arned easy an' natural like," said old man Greenhut, "same as a boy takes to swimmin', sudden like, when you heave him overboad in deep water. Some'll read a book, an' reckon as how they understand the game soon as they've l'arned what value the hands has, an' whose business 'tis to ante.

"Similar, I've saw men that reckoned they understood a woman just cause they'd took her to church a few times, an' gone buggy ridin' with her for a spell, an' mebbe set up sparkin' Sunday nights f'r two or three months. 'Pears like they reckon a woman is goin' to tell 'em all she knows, an' what's more to the point, kt 'em get a line on all she don't know, just 'cause they put on their religious clothes an' go call on her a spell.

"I ain't sayin' but what there is women that's built that way, an' you c'n l'arn all there is to l'arn inside of a week, payin' tol'able close notice to what they says an' does; but 's fur's my observation goes the more you see of a woman the more you don't know nothin' about what she'd be liable to do when you don't expect it most.

"The way I figger it out, draw poker 's almighty like a woman. If you go at it recknin' you know the hull game an' not makin' no allowances for to be taught nothin' sudden an' unexpected, the chances is you're goin' to make discoveries, an' more 'n likely git a jolt as 'll make you feel 'round here an' there to see if your bones is all in place.

"O' course, you may l'arn the game a'ter you've had that experience, an' similar you may git to know somepin' about the woman, but you can't do it in a week, nor you can't do it by settin' into the game casual like, f'm time to time. You've got to give yer days an' nights to it, an' stay right along side of it all the time, studyin' as hard as the Lord 'll let you.

"The way I figger it, 'twan't intended f'r a mere man to git to have the things that's goin' to be most valuable to him 'thouten he's willin' to work for 'em. Likely the right kind of a woman, if a man is lucky enough to git one, is better'n anything else there is in the world, but that sort is sca'cer'n a royal flush. Not havin' had the luck to never draw one on 'em my own self, I ain't never had no use for the other kind. 'Pears like a man c'd do tol'able well on somepin' less'n a royal flush in draw poker, but if he sets down to be contented with anythin' short o' the best there is in a woman he's plumb sure to git the worst o' the game.

"The reel p'int on 't is 't draw poker ain't no game to be played casual. O' course a man may make a win at it 'thouten ever havin' had no trainin'. I've saw some yap f'm up in the mountains, mebbe, come to town an' set into a game 't he had no more license to be into nor he had to be preachin' the gospel or runnin' a steam engine, an' he'd pull out a big stake an' awell 'round thinkin' he'd did up some o' the best poker players in the State, when he hadn't done nothin' o' that description. All 't he'd did was to hold four of a kind by dumb luck ag'in a full house 't some good player had acquired scientific. Stands to reason a accident like that may happen, same as a mule may get struck by lightnin'. He ain't goin' to die no other way. But when that happens, o' course, he's goin' to die.

"There's one thing al'ays happens, though, when a tenderfoot does anything like that, an' it shows how wise an' beneficent the ways o' Providence is, even when they be myster'ous. The yap al'ays sets in again, an' just natural, the lightnin' don't strike again.

"Bud Hopkins struck Arkansas City one day at the height o' the spring flood four year ago, an' had one o' them streaks o' fool luck 't lasted him over night. While it was runnin' it did look like there was goin' to be a washout o' cash assets wuss'n the washout on the levee. That last was turnin' the streets into liquid mud that 'peared to be likely to trickle out into the river when the water went down, leavin' the town 'thouten any underpinnin'; but Bud Hopkins turned nigh all the cash reserve o' the community into floatin' capital that 'peared to be liable to dribble out over the Ozark Mountains promisc'ous like, if so be he was to go home.

"But, as I was sayin', it's one o' the dispensations o' Providence that a man don't pull out under them circumstances. This here Hopkins was a queer chap, an' how he come to be jammin' 'round so fur f'm home as he was wa'n't never made clear. 'Peared like it 'd ha' been a heap more natural fur him to've stayed to home. 'Peared like there was a string to him 't somebody was a pullin' all the time, even a'ter he'd broke away, an' when he set in at George Ray's faro bank that was runnin' them days, an' run a five dollar bill up to eleven hundred in about a hour an' a half there was a good many on us as looked for him to make a break for the railroad as soon as it come train time, an' streak it f'r th' 'zarks. He o'd ha' bought a couple o' mountains with that money an' lived without workin' the rest of his days. An' we reckoned he knowed it.

"But right then was when one o' them dispensations o' Providence, with the help of a little red liquor that some o' the boys set up, here at my bar, saved the town, f'm what'd ha' been tolable close to a calamity. As 'twas, he'd busted Ray. That wa'n't no great misfortune by itself, for Ray's place wa'n't nothin' but a gamblin' house, an' the better element in Arkansas City has al'ays been sot ag'in faro an' sich. 'Tain't no credit to a community for to have a gamblin' house kep' open, an' there hain't been one in town since then.

"But what we was lookin' at was that Bud Hopkins was liable to get $1,100 out o' town, '8 long as Ray had it, it were liable to get into circulation right here, but if it went to the Ozarks, 'twa'n't likely 't we'd ever see it again.

"That wa'n't to be thought of, so Joe Bassett brung Hopkins round here to sample some twenty-year-old whiskey 't I had in stock, an' while they was tryin' it some on 'em here in the room got talkin' about draw poker, an' about what a sin it 'd be to stop short in the middle o' such a run o' luck as Hopkins was havin'.

"He was sort o' hesitatin'. I reckon he must ha' been thinkin' about them two mountains, an' for a spell it didn't look like Providence was goin 'to be powerful enough to prevail. But Jake Winterbottom, he were a-watchin' out tol'able close, an' just at the right minute he dug up the price of another round, an' Bud, he kind o' reckoned he'd set into a game o' draw, if there was one goin'.

"Well, there wa'n't none goin' on just at that moment, but somehow it happened that Sam Pearsall an' Pete Grosjean was talkin' o' startin' a game a minute or two later, an' they asked Joe Bassett if him an' his friend wouldn't like to set in. Joe said he thought maybe, an' Jake Winterbottom said he didn't mind if he took a hand, an' there 'twas, just as slick as if 't had all been planned out.

"They 'greed to play table stakes, an' Grosjean he p'poses for em to buy a hundred apiece for a starter, but Bud Hopkins—he was tol'able excited like, natural enough, not bein' used to such luck, nor no more to twenty year old liquor—he wanted to make it five hundred apiece. That was a leetle more'n the boys was p'pared for, but they finally reckoned they'd all take two hundred, an' the game began.

"Well, it sure were sinful the way them cards run for half a hour. 'Peared like Bud Hopkins knowed just about as much about draw poker as a hound pup o' the wilderness knows o' the plan o' salvation. Didn't look like he even knowed the difference atween a straight an' a flush, an' he 'peared to be just as liable to call a bluff on two fours as he was on four twos, but he sure did hold amazin' hands.

"Speakin' by an' large, Grosjean were what you'd call a tol'able trustworthy dealer. He were a long way ahead o' the rest o' the men in the game, an' they sort o' relied on him to see 't somebody else besides Bud Hopkins was to get good cards when it come his deal, an' Grosjean swore he done his best, but there was supernat'ral influences a-monkeyin' with the deck that night, or it looked like it.

"I rec'lect one hand that sure did look miraculous. Pete was dealin', an' he took special pains that time. Leastways he said he did, an' there wa'n't no reason to doubt him. He give hisself three tens, countin' on mebbe gettin' the fourth in the draw. An' he give Winterbottom a pat flush, an' Hopkins three sevens, not reck'nin' on him bettin' none, but thinkin' more'n likely he'd play them sevens strong.

"Well, Winterbottom he opened the pot for twenty-five, there bein' that much in it, an' Hopkins he riz it twenty-five. Grosjean didn't feel like showin' his stren'th too soon, an' he knowed Winterbottom were goin' to raise back, so he just trailed, an' Winterbottom made it fifty more all reg'lar enough. Grosjean sort o' reckoned on Hopkins raisin' again, but he didn't. He on'y just trailed, so Grosjean an' Winterbottom just whipsawed him till there was nigh five hundred in the pot, him comin' in every time, an' sayin' nothin'.

"When it come to the draw Jake stood pat, o' course. He couldn't draw nothin' to a flush. An' Hopkins he took two cards, like Grosjean was lookin for him to do. O' course that left the deck just about the way Grosjean was reck'nin' on, an' he didn't lose no confidence in his fourth ten, so he wa'n't disapp'inted none when he seen he'd caught it.

"Well, Jake he chipped, an' Bud Hopkins he trailed, an' Grosjean pushed his pile into the pot. There was about a hundred in it, an' that was more'n Jake had, so he says, 'I've on'y got thirty-seven dollars, but I'll call for that.' You see he were sort o' puzzled like, not knowin' whether Grosjean was lookin' for him to win, or whether he reckoned on winnin' hisself, but kind o' lookin' for Hopkins to lay down.

"But Hopkins didn't lay down. He says, 'I'm sorry this is table stakes, boys. I'd like to play this hand for more,' an' he calls and shows down a straight flush. He'd had his three sevens all right, but one on 'em was a club, an' he had the six an' eight of clubs with 'em, an' he'd drawed to the three clubs instead o' the three seven, an' he'd caught the four an' five o' clubs.

"Well, that put Grosjean an' Winterbottom out o' the game, an' Bassett an' Pearsall was losers. They kep' on playin', though, an' Jake an' Pete come over to me to ask me to stake 'em so' s 't they c'd get back in the game.

"But I didn't see it. 'I ain't one to fly in the face o' Providence,' I says. 'There ain't no use o' throwin' away money a'gin no such run o' luck as that. It'd be enough to destroy a man's faith in religion,' I says, 'to see two or three more things happen like that last, an' they'll sure happen if he keeps on playin'. I grant you,' I says, 'as how this here yap don't know nothin' about poker, but he don't need to know nothin' about it to-night. He c'n win without. He'll have Pearsall an' Bassett busted, I says, 'in about ten minutes, an' then is the time to stop. You've did all 't can be did while that run lasts,' I says, 'but that's enough. You've got him hooked, an' when he's had a sleep on it an' broke his luck, he'll be 'round again an' you c'n take his money as easy as you c'n get the barley away from a blind mule.'

"Well, they was sore, an' they didn't like it, but I knowed I was right, an' pretty soon Sam an' Joe they got up broke. Hopkins were a decent sort o' chap enough, an' he stayed 'round till daylight, buyin' liquor an' tellin' how he reckoned he'd buy all I had left o' that twenty year old whiskey afore he took the train next day, fer to take it home with him. 'There ain't no such liquor anywheres back in the mountains,' he says, 'an' I reckons it's up to me to give the boys a blowout when I get back.'

"He carried his load tol'able well, but when he went over to the hotel soon a'ter sun-up I seen 't he had jag enough to sleep till night anyway, 'n' I told the boys to rest up till supper time. 'He'll be back,' I says, 'to-night, when he wakes up an' finds the train's gone, an' then I'll stake the whole of you on the usual terms.'

"Well, there wa'n't nothin' else for 'em to do, an' that's the way it turned out. There wa'n't no poker sense about Bud Hopkins, but there were a powerful heap o' human nature, an' 'twa'n't in reason for him to be left over night in a strange town with nigh $2,000 in his jeans, an' a poker game open to him, 'thouten him findin' the way to it.

"I will own I was skeered for the first few minutes they played, for he won the first three pots hand runnin' an' then he stayed outen two pots, which was somepin' he hadn't done afore. 'Peared like it mought be 't his run was still a-runnin', an' I knowed if 'twas I stood to be a tol'able heavy loser, but things come a little more natural like a'ter that, an' 'twa'n't long afore the cards was runnin' ag'in him as they had been for him the night afore.

"When I seen that, I knowed there wa'n't no more need for to be anxious. Even if he'd held just tol'able hands he couldn't ha' did nothin' ag'in the science there was in that game, an' 'twa'n't to be looked for 't he'd have no luck at all, bein' it had turned ag'in him.

"'Twa'n't no time afore he'd lost twenty-one hundred, an' got up broke, but he had the makin's of a man in him. He looked kind of dazed like when he got up, but he never whimpered, an' he came over to the bar an' says to me, 'I reckon there ain't no chanst o' me takin' none o' that good liquor o' yourn home with me, but I'd like monstrous well to have a good stiff horn of it afore I start. Hit's a powerful long walk from here to th' Ozarks.'

"'You needn't to walk,' I says. 'We know a sport when we see him here in Arkansas City, an' you're just as good a loser as you is a winner. The boys'll chip in for your railroad fare,' I says, 'an' when you take the train you'll have a quart flask o' this whiskey in your pocket.

"'On'y,' I says, 'I want to warn you ag'in gambling. Faro is a sinful game,' I says, 'an' there ain't no good never comes of it. You can see for yourself,' I says, 'what it's brought you to. You stick to draw poker,' I says, 'an' don't never take to gambling, an' if ever you learn the game proper,' I says 'you'll see the difference.'

"Well, Bud Hopkins he shook his head kind o' doubtful like, as if he didn't quite sense the l—eaning o' what I was sayin', but he took the money an' the whiskey, and then took the train, an' we hain't never seen him here no more. On'y, about a month a'ter, he sent back the money the boys had put up for him to go home with. He sure was a yap, but he was a square sort o' chap, for all that. On'y I don't reckon he c'd learn draw poker in a hundred years."

Reed Fish From Western Canal.

From the Portland Oregonian.

One of nature's freaks, in the shape of a reed fish, is on exhibition in a Seattle curio shop, on the water front. This interesting specimen may be best described as half animal and half vegetable life. It is six feet long. The reed apparently grows out of the fish, while the latter carries a covering over the reed, hence the dual animal and vegetable life.

This reed fish was taken in Hood Canal last week by a tugboat man. It stands erect in pools of salt water. Though long and lithe and to every appearance a vegetable production, the thing has a head and eyes. It was caught with a salmon hook.

To Guard Against Dilution.

From the Chicago Chronicle.

A Kentucky colonel, who in every other way showed his enjoyment of his bourbon, always shut his eyes as he lifted his glass to his lips. As this is the way children are usually advised to take unsavory medicine, his friends wondered that the colonel should show such an aversion to looking at the beverage that all the rest of Kentucky likes to gaze on only less than to taste. Some one asked him at last why he always shut his eyes. He replied: "Ah'm afraid if Ah looked at it mah mouth would watah and dilute mah liquah."